

The Diary of Nervy Ethel

Mo. day.—It came pretty near being all off with me this week. I answered a bunch of ads this morning and was turned down everywhere I went. I was beginning to think I had come to the end of my rope on luck, so I tried my old standby—nerve. I used to know a fellow that worked in a drug store on one of the State street corners, and I thought maybe he could put me next to something in the way of a job, so I stopped in and asked him if he knew of anything.

I nearly tied dead when he said that the proprietor of that very joint had been looking for a girl to do demonstrating and that I would fit the place to a "T." He gave me a knockdown to the boss, and we clinched the matter right on the spot. I'm to start in to-morrow.

It looks dead easy, but I don't know how I'm going to like being on exhibition. I wouldn't mind, if I was a peach to look at, but I don't think a pug nose is a very good place to show off a layer of face dope and a beauty powder.

But it's up to them, and as long as they're satisfied I've got no room to kick.

Tuesday.—Wow! but I did feel funny to-day! Tugged up with a peek-a-boob waist on, sitting in a downtown window and looking pleasant till my mouth ached.

My stunt is to sit in front of a swell little dressing table that's all trimmed up with fluffy cushions and silver toilet articles and smear my face with the same old cold cream that's fixed up with a new name. I dip a soft rag into the box of greasy stuff and daintily mop my face with it, carefully keeping out of the way of my mouth, because it doesn't taste good. After it's rubbed in—you bet I put on mighty little—I take up a dinky little lace-trimmed chamol and "evenly apply the powder," as the directions say. All this time I have a handglass in my other hand and when I'm looking at myself—as if I like it—I'm smiling at the rubberneck on the sidewalk, as if I was awfully stuck on myself.

If I stay at this long I'll either get to thinking I'm a "beaut" or else I will get so sick at the sight of my phiz that I'll enter a convent, where they don't allow mirrors.

Wednesday.—Of course, I couldn't miss getting my regular calldown. Talk about Friday being an unlucky day—I'd like to strike Wednesday of the calendar. And it was all on account of Mame Curtis.

She came along the street and caught sight of me in the window. Her mouth opened wide enough to scare anybody and she began talking to me.

Of course, I knew what she was saying, although I couldn't hear her, but she couldn't make out what I said. I stopped monkeying with my face and began talking to her on my fingers. There wasn't anybody else outside and we were having a nice little confab which who should pass the window but the manager on his way from lunch. I felt awfully silly and he looked as if he could take my head off. He didn't say anything to me right away, but when I was leaving the store at six o'clock he gave me a great big piece of his mind. I don't care I piled it on to Mame Curtis just the same and she thinks I am making money hand over fist.

I bet she'd like this job, because she'd rather be looked at than eat.

Thursday.—This thing of trying to look beautiful all day long is wearing me to a frazzle. But I'm lucky to get out of talking about the stuff. It sure would go against the grain to stand up the way some of these demonstrators do and have to spout off a lot of yarn about the wonders that this goo-y mixture worked in my complexion when I hadn't ever heard of it before. And it's always the homely, wrinkled old maids who buy it, and I'd feel like I was cheating them.

Friday.—Gee! but I've had a strenuous evening. Just because a few buttnaksy think they have a right to meddle in my affairs! And the combination was a fright—Charley and the preacher. This morning who should come along the street and rubber up at the window but the preacher of our church, and he threw a fit right then and there. He marched into the store and started to make a scene and the boys had to fairly put him out of the place. He couldn't see me there, so he came out to the house to-night and raked pa and ma over the coals for letting me take such a job and blew me up for fair. Charley sat there and took it all in and when the old tattle-tale had gone he lit in. I felt like telling him to mind his own business, but I like his caring and I don't want to make him sore.

I'm afraid it's me for another job.

Saturday.—Sure, Mike! I wonder what they take me for anyway. I'm so made I could pop. The boss came to me to-day and said that my week with the face dope stunt was up, but that they'd like to have me stay right on and demonstrate again for them. I asked him what he was putting me up against this time and when he told me I nearly fainted. He said he had a new style of corn plaster that he wanted to put on the market—and incidentally on my foot—and also a special elastic ankle bandage that he wanted shown. I thought he was joking at first, but when I found out he wasn't I got right up on my high horse. I told him I was a lady if I did have to earn my own living. So I quit. I've got nerve, all right, but won't stand for being a cornplaster model.—Chicago Chronicle.

MAKING GOOD ROADS.

How It Was Done in an Indiana County Without Any Extra Outlay of Money.

An expert on highways says that it costs about \$1,000,000,000 annually to haul the farm products of the United States, and that of this sum \$600,000,000, or three-fifths, are wasted in the energy expended in overcoming the resistance of bad roads.

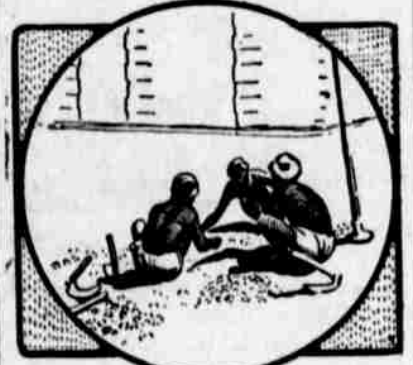
Put in another way: Good roads would cost a great sum, but for bad roads the people are actually paying an even higher price. The sweeping assertion is implied in this statement, that the roads are bad everywhere. This is by no means the case, but it may be truthfully said that there are few portions of public highways in existence that could not be made considerably better.

It does not seem that argument is required to convince land owners, who bear the main load of carrying on the work of road building, that good roads are to be desired. That is admitted and they also accept the responsibility of furnishing the most of the immense sums required for building roads in the future. All that has been effected and it may be said that the greatest difficulty has been removed in the education of the public to accept the claim that good roads are a necessity.

It is a fact that land owners and farmers generally the country over are well convinced that the agitation of recent months over the question of road improvement has not come from themselves but from manufacturers and owners of automobiles and bicycles. Their name is legion and their claims are founded in reason.

Nevertheless attention should be given to the fact that already immense sums are expended each year on the roads of the country and that possibly there is not enough to show for the millions that are so freely furnished by the taxpayers.

The experience of our home district may be of some interest to other road workers, writes a Wayne county (Ind.) correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. This road district is in the western part of Wayne county, Ind. It is a populous county and a great deal of heavy hauling is done on the roads.



ROAD MAKING IN CALCUTTA.

(Though Their Methods Are Free and Easy and Their Tools Mostly Old-Fashioned, the Natives Do Their Work Well, and the Main Roads of Calcutta Will Compare Favorably with Those of Any Eastern Town.)

at all times of the year, except in the winter thaws when heavy loads are forbidden by law.

From the very beginning the care and supervision of the roads of this district had been under men who lived in the country neighborhoods. That is to say, no one except a farmer had ever had control of the road work.

The roads were not in good condition, notwithstanding there was gravel in abundance to be had at a small price per load. It was not an unusual thing for loads to stall at times when there was no real occasion for the roads to be in an impassable condition.

Mud holes and ruts were the rule, and where gravel was placed on the roads it was in bunches, unevenly spread. Stones were lying in the ditchway and after a rain there was a ditch in the middle of the road worn by the feet of horses hitched to single rigs.

There was no complaint made especially. Everybody seemed to think the roads were as good as the money would pay for, and so the condition went on from year to year with but little improvement and no plans for a change.

Three years ago, however, the work of superintending the roads in this district was voted to Dr. N. F. Canaday, a practicing physician. Dr. Canaday had been driving over these roads for 20 years, day and night and in all seasons of the year. He was frequently stuck in the mud and not always was able to return without broken harness and damaged vehicles. Dr. Canaday had purchased an automobile a few months before his appointment as superintendent and with it traveled over the roads for many miles in every direction. He had his ideas about road building and started to put them in force at once.

Under his supervision the roads soon assumed another appearance. He eliminated the middle ditch, he caused drains or open ditches to be kept open at both sides of the road, he graded every foot of the roads over again, he had gravel placed on every mile of road under his charge, every load of gravel was screened at the pits and stones already on the roads were collected into heaps and hauled off.

At frequent intervals a man was sent over the road with a wagon loaded with gravel. Depressions that might wear into holes were looked for and filled up and tamped down. Whenever a spot appeared to be wearing it was given instant attention. All this work was done with the usual amount of money devoted to the roads of the district.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler Tells How to Eat and How to Assimilate.

Dr. George F. Butler, medical superintendent of the Alma Springs Sanitarium, Alma, Mich., in the October number of "How to Live," gives some interesting as well as sensible rules for acquiring and keeping health. He says: "Without we eat and drink, we die! The provocative to do both rests with the appetite, which, in process of time, becomes a very uncertain guide; for the palate will often induce a desire and relish for that which is most mischievous and indigestible. The old saying of 'eat what you like' is now shunned by everybody of 20 years' experience. Still, without appetite, it is a very difficult affair to subsist—for the pleasure depends chiefly upon the relish. The relish may become, as has been stated, a vitiated one, but it is quite possible to make the stomach, by a little forbearance and practice, as enamored of what is wholesome and nutritious, as of that which is hurtful and not conceivably." Again he says: "The delicate should feed carefully, not abundantly; it is not quantity which nourishes but only that which assimilates."

"Be careful of your digestion," is the keynote of the doctor's argument. He says: "Health in man, as in other animals, depends upon the proper performance of all functions. These functions may be shortly said to be three: (1) tissue change; (2) removal of waste; (3) supply of new material. For the activity of man, like the heat of the fire by which he cooks his food, is maintained by combustion; and just as the fire may be prevented from burning brightly by improper disposition of the fuel, or imperfect supply of air, and as it will certainly go out if fresh fuel is not supplied, and may be choked by its own ashes, so man's activity may be lessened by imperfect tissue change and may be put an end to by an insufficient supply of new material and imperfect removal of waste products."

"We should see to it that free elimination is maintained, for the ashes must be kept out of the system in order to have good health. The skin, kidneys and bowels must do their eliminative work properly. If the bowels occasionally become torpid, try to regulate them with exercise and proper food, such as fruits, green vegetables, salads, cereals, corn, whole wheat or graham bread, fish, poultry, light soups, etc. Plenty of water is also valuable, and a glass full of cold or hot water the first thing upon rising in the morning will aid much in overcoming constipation. Regular habit, cold baths, and massage are very efficacious. In case the constipation does not yield to these hygienic measures, some simple, harmless laxative may be required, such as California Syrup of Figs—a non-irritating preparation of senna in fig syrup. Laxative mineral waters are beneficial in some cases, but not to be employed continually."

"Above all be an optimist, keep the heart young. Cultivate kindness, cheerfulness and love, and do not forget that 'we shall pass through this world but once.' Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

BY THE WAY.

Even a stingy person is always willing to give advice.

No one is so prosperous that he can afford to malign other people.

A desire to get even has often been the keynote of a man's success.

Value of property is entirely a matter of whether somebody wants it.

There are smaller dividends in the practice of hate than in any other occupation.

It is hard to persuade a community that you are any better than your neighbors.

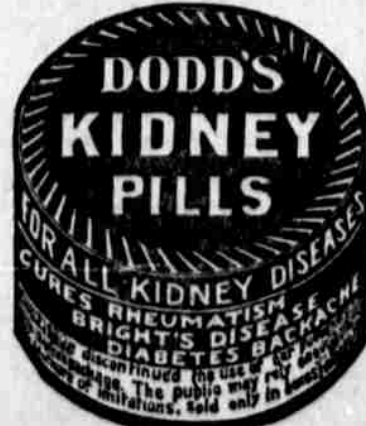
A man does not really get old until he begins to feel secret pride in his infirmities.

Every person imagines that his is a special case among the ills that afflict mankind in general.—Uncle Dick, in Madison Journal.

Another Australian Experiment.

Suitable farming land is provided by the Australian government for groups of men and their families that will ultimately form village settlements, but they are not to be cooperative—each settler will stand or fall on his own merits. Government overseers will guide and instruct the settlers for two years, and the house erected for his use can be used as a public hall or school. Plain rations, implements, a small stock of cows, poultry, etc., will be supplied for the first year. This will be charged as a loan and must be eventually refunded to the state.

Some women wouldn't be satisfied in Heaven without burglar-proof vaults in which to lock up their hairs.



APPAREL AND THE MAN.

Truth That Shakespeare Knew Where-of He Spoke Is Seen Every Day in Business World.

Among the most valuable assets the worker in almost any field can have are the razor, the shoe brush and the tooth powder. These are possessions within the reach of anyone. To have them and use them is a powerful help toward success. To neglect them is one of the surest means of meeting failure.

There is no man, no matter how careless he may be of his own personal appearance, that would not rather talk business to a man who is cleanly shaven, whose shoes are shined, whose teeth are white, and whose linen is in good condition, than to a man who is careless about his appearance. Employers know that the careful salesman usually sells the most goods. They know, too, that Shakespeare was right when he said that the apparel doth oft proclaim the man. They reason that unless a man has respect for himself he does not respect for him or not. And a man who cannot inspire respect in those with whom he does business is not half so valuable as the man who can.

First impressions often are the strongest impressions. A well groomed man wins his way where the shabbily clad man is refused a hearing. Most big business concerns insist either indirectly or by printed rule upon attention to the little details that go to make up a man's general appearance.

Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but it also is next to success. Any man who has been in business for any length of time can point out fellow workers who would have succeeded better had they paid more attention to their appearance. They don't have to be "dudes" to make good, but even at that "dudes" have made good where tramps have failed. If it is necessary to make a choice, better be a "dude" than a tramp. The latter may get more shiftless satisfaction out of himself, but the former gives more satisfaction to others, and it is largely the others who make or break a man in business.

FIELD OF ISANDHLWANA.

Where the Zulus Under Cetewayo Wiped Out British Force—Proof That Struggle Was Fierce.

The Zulus of to-day, it seems, are as alert and cunning as their predecessors, who, under Cetewayo, wrought such terrible havoc. Every European on the spot knows the history of those bloody days, and of Isandhlwana in particular. If anything could teach the necessity for vigilant scouting, that would. While the late Lord Chelmsford was splitting up his forces, the enemy, 15,000 strong, lay low to charge down upon Isandhlwana in his absence. He returned to the camp to find every man butchered. The whole force left, over 800, had been slain, while the victors had made a haul of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, two seven-pound guns, 400 rounds of shot and shell, 800 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball cartridges, £60,000 worth of commissariat supplies, and certain regimental colors.

The bravest were heartick when they went to bury the victims of Isandhlwana. For five months the bodies lay unburied, though gallant men volunteered again and again in the meantime to undertake the work. Carrion birds had accomplished their foul work, and merciful nature with a green carpet of verdure had done her best to obliterate the awful relics of the tragic day. But the burial party were able to discover 500 bodies and identify many. Money and checks, portraits and letters, jewelry and souvenirs littered the hillside. Everywhere were evidences of the ferocity of the struggle. The Zulus are said to have lost 2,000 men; but these had for the most part been carried off. Here and there, however, were found black men and white locked in the savage embrace in which they had died. One Zulu was found with his head driven by a British bayonet a foot into the ground; a Briton with his dead antagonist beneath him, and an assegai in his back to tell how he had died after mastering the foe in front.

He Recovered His Artist.

It was at an afternoon party. The hostess was anxious for a sensation, and desiring something other than the orthodox thought reader and the fraudulent palmist, engaged a troupe of performing fleas for the entertainment of her visitors. The party was a great success. When it broke up a loud wall rent the air. It was the voice of the impresario frantic with excitement.

"What is it? Tell me, I implore you," said the hostess.

"Ach, madam, I has lost von of my fleas. Vere has it gone?"

"At that moment a lady wearing a gray gown brushed past him."

"Ach, madam, pardon," said the manager, greatly relieved, lightly picking something from her shoulder; "vun of my artistes."

One Blessing.

"Well," said Morner, "poor old Spowter has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

"Yes," replied Grouch. "Thank goodness, he can't come back and lecture about it!"

Lovely Woman.

"Some women," said Uncle Eben, "not only want their own way, but dey wants de privilege of blamin' dey husbands for lettin' 'em have it, if it don't turn out right."

LIKE A BUTTERFLY NET.

Queer Contrivance Used by the Filipino When He Sets Out to Capture a Kess of Fish.

An odd sort of fish catching contrivance used in the Philippine islands may be seen at the New York aquarium. It is an open work, dome shaped thing about two feet in height and two feet across in its widest part, at the bottom, made of thin strips of a native wood. The upper ends of these strips are brought closely together around a circle of wood at the top, while from there they spread out uniformly wider and wider apart like the wires in the top part of a round top bird cage. Up under these strips, about six inches below the top, is set a wooden hoop, to which each of the slats is bound, and over this hoop the slats are strung with a slight curve, to be held in shape and at uniform distances apart by a tie run around a couple of inches above their bottom ends. So that this is an open dome shaped contrivance made of slender curving vertical ribs; and in its construction it shows nice workmanship. The island fisherman uses this fish catcher in catching fish much as a boy uses his hat in catching butterflies; he claps it down over such comparatively sluggish and bottom feeding fish as he can get near enough to for that purpose, and through an opening in the top of the catcher he reaches down inside of it to seize the fishes thus caught.

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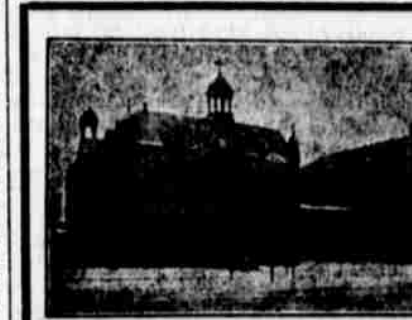
ISHMAEL OF THE GUTTER.

London Coster Declared to Be Last Remnant of World's Old Race of Wanderers.

London's outdoor man is the coster, according to Outing. He is the Ishmael of our gutters. A very jolly Ishmael, it is true, who is more than content to acknowledge the line of demarcation between himself and the true cockney. But, nevertheless, in a modified, twentieth century way, he is still the wild man whose hand is against every man's and every man's against his. He is probably the last remnant of the world's old race of wanderers—the last suggestion of the primitive man—left to the cities. He is to us town dwellers what the gypsy is to the countryside. His descent seems to spring from the same roving stock. And he is regarded, from a safe distance, with the same contempt by those who don't know him. His habits and his impulses still savor strongly of the days when tribe warred against tribe, and every man's arm was for himself and his clan. And although his pitch is below the curb, his caravan a barrow, and his beast of burden a Russian pony, a donkey, or himself, he is as free and as exclusive as any other lusty scion of the people who live under the skies. Ishmael he is, and Ishmael he chooses to remain. And the chances are ten to one that whoever goes a-fishing for information among the barrows will come back with an empty creel or a fine show of fisherman's tales. For your coster knows both how to keep silence and how to use his tongue picturesquely in defense of his jealously guarded traditions and the internal economies of his existence.

Perfectly Normal.

A visitor at an insane asylum was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates, who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head. "And what are you in here for, my man?" asked the visitor. Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily. "I'll tell you if you keep it dark," he said, lowering his voice. "I have a mania for swearing. I write 'cuss words' all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man just to follow me round and rub 'em out. But,' coming a little closer, 'I'll tell you a secret. I'm four 'damns' ahead of him and I've got 'hell' written all over your back.'—Lippincott's.



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